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A GREAT DAY FOR IRELAND.

'This is a great day for Ireland,' said O'Connell, in one of his popular rhapsodies; but Dan, in the warmth of his enthusiasm, never imagined so great a day, in a practical point of view, as the 12th of May 1853, when Ireland, in the face of the world, may be said to have inaugurated a new era in her career—an era of peaceful industry, national prosperity, and happiness. At least such we verily believe to have been the case, when the Great Industrial Exhibition was opened the other day in Merrion Square—the very square where the Agitator had those visions of national regeneration which ended only in national distraction.

To this interesting fête we were obligingly invited; and as things of this sort are not numerous in man's life, we gladly embraced the opportunity of being present, and of comparing the opening of the Dublin Exhibition with that of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park two years ago. Many others appear to have been of the same mind, for from divers quarters, north and south, there poured, for several days, long streams of passengers by the Chester and Holyhead Railway on their way to Kingstown. Never did steamer on the Irish Channel bear such a freight of travellers as that which crossed on the evening of Tuesday the 10th of May. Deck and cabins were literally crowded, every inch of standing and sitting room being occupied. Nor, perhaps, did pilgrims to an exhibition ever go in such harmony. The Channel was propitiously calm; the great red disk of the sun set beneath the placid waters with a splendour which gave hopes of the finest weather; and to give zest to the scene, there burst from a group of passengers on deck a series of glees, sung in the best style—the performers being a party of those chorus-singers for which Lancashire is celebrated—plain men, apparently operatives, who were on their way to the inauguration, at which a thousand musicians were to assist. The vessel, regardless of its burden, bounded joyously on its course, and landed us all safely at Kingstown, where, after a little hurry-scurry, we shot off *en masse* by the short railway that communicates with the metropolis.

Remaining in Dublin for several days, I had an opportunity of seeing the Exhibition in different stages of its progress. The first glance I had of it, on the day preceding the formal opening, shewed that the arrangements were dreadfully behind. The interior was a chaos of packing-boxes, workmen, and objects of art. The noise of a hundred hammers was mingled with the trial-notes sounding from a large organ; banners of various hues were being hung from the roof; and here and there were observed sculptors erecting statues, one of which was that of the inspiring genius

of the whole concern—William Dargan. This figure, by Jones, is a capital representation of the original—robust in person, with strongly-marked features, and the right hand stuck with sly humour, or, at all events, very appropriately, in the pocket—

How stalwart the figure! How manly of mould!

Each limb strongly set in its socket;

How firmly he stands, self-reliant and bold,

That man with his hand in his pocket!

That hand holds no hard, sordid gripe of his gold,

For the good of mankind he'll unlock it;

For science and art thousands freely are told,

By this man with his hand in his pocket.

So sings a native bard, one of the *Mystics*, as a club of Irish *beaux-esprits* choose to call themselves, and at one of whose meetings I had the satisfaction of becoming acquainted with the remarkable man, whose teeming pocket has furnished the entire means for getting up the Exhibition, and bringing it to maturity. Dargan, like nearly all persons of any mark, is a self-made man. The son of a farmer, and with no education beyond that of his class, he rose through various stages of labour to that of a contractor for the execution of railway and other large undertakings in Ireland. Perhaps his success in this pursuit was aided by the general meagreness of capital and enterprise in his native country. At anyrate, Dargan cleared the way for himself with surprising energy. His hand found work everywhere. He was the man for the time. Railways were wanted: he made them. It is stated that, in 1847, he had as many as 57,000 men in his employment, nearly all of whom were Irish. Vast as this force was, he had the genius to govern and direct it; and by following the simple maxim of doing strict justice, gained the love and confidence of a class of men, usually, but without proper reason, considered to be intractable. In these great undertakings, in which he incurred pecuniary risks of no ordinary amount, Dargan realised a handsome fortune. After a fortune is realised, the next thing is to spend it. Some 'hide it in a hedge,' and leave the spending to descendants—a plan which has the effect of giving one generation all the work and another all the play, and therefore is not quite philosophical. Dargan's method of bestowing his money strikes us as more reasonable. It consists in enjoying its uses himself, not on vanities or worse, but on what produces lasting pleasure. After making every requisite provision for those having claims on him, he has 'determined to be his own executor.' Hence the present Exhibition. In the Irish capital there is an institution called the Royal Dublin Society, equivalent to the Society of Arts in London, and which has

had triennial exhibitions of objects of art. The present year was the recurring period for one of these exhibitions; but after the magnificent display in the Crystal Palace in 1851, something more than an arrangement of articles in a suite of common-place apartments was desirable. As Irishmen are understood to have a wonderful faculty of looking to government for assistance in their difficulties, it is not improbable that the Dublin Society turned its eyes in that direction; but be this as it may, forward stepped William Dargan to relieve it of all embarrassment on the subject. Impressed with the importance of shewing his countrymen what they were capable of, and also what others had achieved, he said to himself—we shall have a palace of art in Dublin, and I will find the money! The offer he made to the Society is without a parallel. He proposed to put £20,000 at their disposal, for a great Industrial Exhibition—taking his chance of repayment, according as the thing might be successful. The Society cordially accepted the offer, and in union with certain parties named by Mr Dargan, proceeded to carry the project into execution. This occurred about twelve months ago, since which time two persons have been mainly instrumental in bringing the affair to a successful issue—C. P. Roney, honorary secretary, and John C. Deane, assistant secretary. From nearly thirty designs furnished by architects for a suitable structure, the committee gave a preference to that of Mr Benson; and it would be difficult to conceive anything better for the purpose, without being a copy of the Hyde Park edifice. The cost, however, has greatly exceeded calculations. Instead of £20,000, as much as £70,000 and upwards have been expended; yet Dargan has never flinched, but liberally given out every shilling needed to bring the work to a conclusion. Where else, on earth, could such a *Mæcenas* be found?

The building, as now completed, consists of wood, with iron pillars supporting the roof and galleries. The only glass is in the form of sky-light running along the apex of the roof from end to end; and, contrary to a generally expressed fear, the light is amply sufficient, and, on the whole, preferable to the universal glare in the Crystal Palace. Besides this admirable adaptation of light, the great merit of Benson is his construction of the roof, which is rounded like an arch, and in its entire length and proportions exceedingly sweet to the eye. The whole edifice was designed to form one central hall, with a lesser hall on each side, and galleries between; but on both sides, another lesser hall has been added, and there are various other side portions of small dimensions. The situation chosen for the building—an open space amidst a row of houses on the east side of Merrion Square—is not inconvenient; but the view of the exterior is necessarily limited, and the danger from fire is by no means inconsiderable. It must, however, be admitted, that the front, with its slender pillars, hanging galleries, and swelling central roof, the whole gaily coloured, is imposing, and certainly original in design. A comparison in point of size with the Crystal Palace is not to be instituted. While the building in Hyde Park was spread over seventeen, that in Merrion Square covers only seven acres. Falling far short in dimensions, the Dublin building attains considerably better proportions. The fault, architecturally, of the Crystal Palace, was the comparative lowness of the roof, which suggested the idea of looking through a long tube-like gallery; in fact, the only fine thing in

the glass structure was the transept. In the Dublin structure, the central or largest of the halls is 425 feet long, 100 feet broad, and 105 feet high—proportions vastly superior to those of the transept of the Crystal Palace, which, it will be recollect, were—length 408 feet, breadth 75 feet, and height 107 feet. Entering by the central doorway, we have before us the large hall of 425 feet, with its beautifully rounded roof, coloured a soft blue, picked with streaks of red and white in the lesser details. Adjoining on either side, galleries decked with draperies and flags, and reached by stairs at convenient distances, remind us at once of the Crystal Palace. In all the furnishings, the neatly fitted-up counters and glass-cases, the rows of figures in marble and bronze, the gorgeous tropical plants, the sparkling fountains, the separate courts for different branches of manufacture, the whirl of moving machinery in a side-hall, with steam-presses throwing off sheets descriptive of the Exhibition, and above all, the crowds of well-dressed visitors roaming to and fro—we find a wonderfully good revival of what most pleased us in the great Hyde Park Exhibition.* In some respects, we like the Dublin Exhibition better. It is manageable in size. The mind is not bewildered by intricacy and vastness. We are not compelled to feel that there may be too much of a good thing: there is just enough to satisfy reasonable curiosity, and suit any ordinary walking powers.

Of the opening of the Exhibition on the 12th, so many accounts of the ceremonial have been given, that little needs here to be said. The procession of officials was meagre, and contrasted poorly with that of the 1st May 1851; the proceedings were unpleasantly protracted; and we venture to hint, that from 6000 to 8000 of those present were admitted gratuitously, and occupied seats that should in justice have been at the disposal of those who had paid for tickets: this, and some other irregularities, formed the drawback in what was otherwise a great spectacle, suggestive of the best hopes for Ireland. Altogether, we should think about 20,000 persons were present on the occasion, the whole presenting a fair specimen of the rank and fashion of the country. The music—a kind of oratorio—performed by the great organ and choir, was really sublime. Seldom has the Old Hundredth been pealed forth with more effect; and in reality, this part of the treat was the only thing which deserves unqualified approbation. There was a general feeling of relief when the ceremony of inauguration was over, and left people to wander in search of objects of interest. Unfortunately, as already stated, the preparations for the show were in an exceedingly backward condition; so much so, that on this opening day, not a tenth of the counters or stalls was occupied. This delay was the more to be regretted, as hundreds, like myself, had come great distances to observe and describe the attractions of the scene, and could not wait till things got finally into shape. On the second day after the opening, matters had advanced a little. A few more stalls

* In the general classification of manufactures; the issuing of season-tickets, the holders of which subscribe their name at entry; the establishment of refreshment-rooms; the organisation of fire-engine and firemen, ready to act at a moment's notice; and other subordinate arrangements, there is a close resemblance to what was witnessed in the Crystal Palace. The refreshment-rooms have been let for £600 to Mr Poision, a confectioner, whose prices are regulated by a tariff. This part of the Exhibition, attended by young waitresses in a smart green uniform dress, could not be better managed.

and cases had been fitted up; and some of the finer kinds of Irish productions, including poplins, Limerick lace, the beautiful crochet-work, and Balbriggan stockings, were now exhibited. There were likewise some excellent specimens of Dublin bookbinding, and the Hibernian Bible Society shewed copies of the Scriptures in perhaps a hundred languages. In the department of woollen manufactures, much had been done by English exhibitors, among whose productions the elegant draperies of Holdsworth of Halifax occupied a conspicuous place. Among the foreign exhibitors, chiefly confined to the hall on the left side on entering, those of Belgium and France were the most advanced. Some carved marble chimney-pieces, and carvings in oak, were among the finer specimens of Belgic art. The French bronzes were of course much admired, being unapproachable by English craftsmen. The bronze equestrian statue of the Queen, by Baron Marochetti, formed a striking object in the centre of the great hall, towering in height over the ranges of smaller figures. In the galleries, cases of artificial flowers, wax-figures, uniforms, embroideries, perfumes, and jewellery, had been fully equipped; and tables with porcelain and crystal were beginning to blaze like parterres of flowers in a garden.

In this still rudimental state of the Exhibition, curiosity satiated itself with a view of the pictures that lined the walls of the northern hall. Here, all was admirable and unique. The addition of paintings to the ordinary classes of objects, is a novelty in exhibitions of this kind, and the result has been exceedingly happy. Let the reader conceive the idea of an apartment 325 feet long, 40 feet broad, and in height 18 feet to the springing of the rounded roof; and all this stretch of wall covered with oil-paintings of the ancient and modern masters—the pick of the best galleries of art and private collections in Europe. That the Irish should have been able to borrow this amazingly fine collection of pictures, valued in the gross at two to three hundred thousand pounds, does immense credit to their powers of persuasion. A jocular story was going the round, to the effect that when they applied to the authorities of St Peter's College, at Radley, near Oxford, for a loan of their large organ, the result was—a unanimous expression of belief that nobody but an Irishman could have made such a request, and likewise a unanimous consent to the request being granted! So there stands the prodigiously fine organ of St Peter's, the work of a Dublin maker named Telford; the lending of which, with or without the alleged joke, was an act of liberality much to be commended. In a similar kindly spirit, pictures have been lent, at the request of Mr Roney and Mr Deane, by various crowned heads, and by different noblemen and gentlemen in England and Ireland. We have before us works of celebrity by Hogarth, Reynolds, Lawrence, Wilkie, Collins, Leslie, Stanfield, Cooper, Creswick, and others of the English school. Among the Dutch artists, Hendricks and Eckhous stand conspicuous; and the French are represented by the productions of Tassart, Bonheur, and Lehmann. Achenbach, a Prussian painter, has a picture of a storm at sea of the very highest class, contributed by the king of Prussia. The works by Belgian masters include some of the finest things in the collection; the Temptation of St Anthony, by Gallait, and the picture of a dying child, by Wappers, being perhaps the most prized. The last-mentioned production, contributed by the king of the Belgians, indeed rivets attention. It represents the little captive king, Louis XVII., whom the Revolutionary Convention consigned to the keeping of Simon, a shoemaker. The poor child, starved and nearly naked, is seen reclining in a dying state against the walls of his prison, his pallid countenance and glassy eyes turned upward in meek resignation. Death is marked in every feature with terrible reality—a picture fearfully true to nature,

exciting the most poignant pity in the spectator, and leaving impressions that cannot easily be effaced. The sight of this picture alone is worth a journey from any part of England. But such, in a higher degree, may be said of the entire collection, which is not likely to be brought together again; a collection very different from those picture exhibitions that take place annually in London and other large towns, in which more than one-half is positive trash. In connection with the hall of the fine arts, there was fitting up a mediæval court, environed by coloured glass windows, and intended for the display of archaeological and other objects of interest. As Ireland is rich in antique curiosities, this department will form an important addition to the general attractions.

Since the period of our visit, the Exhibition has advanced to maturity, and now offers a high intellectual treat to all lovers of works of art, whether of the useful or ornamental kind. It is now only, when the thing is perfected, and flocked to as a spectacle by myriads from all parts of Ireland, that its value as a national regenerator can be fully realised. We may venture to express our earnest hope and wish that English, as well as Scotch, will likewise pour in throngs, not only to gratify their curiosity with the sight of the Dublin Exhibition, but to see with their own eyes what marvellous improvements are taking place in all quarters of Ireland. It assumes the aspect of a country starting into being—at all events, into social importance. Old things are passing away, and new things are taking their place. Railways now stretch across the length and breadth of the land—railways that never maim or kill people—everywhere introducing habits of order, punctuality, and dispatch. Never were there so few poor. We did not see any public begging during the four days we were in Dublin. On the contrary, the streets were crowded with as orderly and fashionable a population as can be seen at the west end of London. Literature, science, art, have made remarkable strides forward within these few years. Great numbers of the rural inhabitants are seen pouring along towards the outports, not a ‘melancholy band,’ but a very merry one; for they seem sensible that they are hastening to lands where, vastly to their advantage, scope will be afforded for their rough labours. At the same time, it is curious to note the corresponding introduction of fresh blood, bringing English and Scotch habits, wealth, and all the well-known arts of civilised existence into practical operation. To such an inlet there can be now no stop. What with steamers and railways, the land is opened up for the first time to tourists and settlers of every class, free from risk or trouble, and at an insignificant expense. It has been mentioned, that Mr C. P. Roney is one of the leading magnates of the Exhibition. Roney, an Anglicised Irishman, is a genius fitted for the times. Professionally connected with the railway interest, he plans gigantic schemes of traffic. He organises arrangements to send travellers spinning over the world, with the facility of taking a ride in a cab. He it is who, last summer, devised and carried into practice the plan now in operation in the transit from London to Kingstown. The last link of the chain of communication was the Chester and Holyhead Railway, with its wondrous tubular bridge. This railway and the steamers from Holyhead being ‘one concern,’ you are shot along over land, strait, and sea, without let or hinderance. In an office on the quay at Kingstown, you can get a ticket which takes you straight on to London, to Edinburgh, or any intermediate place you choose to name. In fact, the Channel is no longer a sea; it is for all purposes a ferry. The union between the British islands is complete. With such facilities—thanks to many great men of the age, Roney among the rest—little wonder is there in the phenomenon of hundreds of thousands of tourists going to Ireland every summer—a quarter of a million, it is

said, in 1852—or that we shall all be one kindred and nation shortly, political and sectarian divisions notwithstanding. That the Dublin Exhibition is to perform another and not unimportant act in this mighty social revolution, there can be little reason to doubt. Reader, if you have a trifle in your pocket, and a little time at your command, go and see it; and so, besides amusing yourself, you will have the gratification of performing what should be deemed a very laudable act of public duty.

W. C.

ALARMING INVASION.

In the autumn of 1842, Dr George Johnston, a well-known naturalist of Berwick-upon-Tweed, found, in the lake of Dunse Castle, in Berwickshire, a small water-plant previously unknown in this country. Specimens of the plant were sent to several botanists, and its appearance in Britain was duly noted in scientific publications; but the interest in the vegetable stranger of a distant Scottish lake soon died away, and the discovery was almost completely forgotten. The plant, however, was not one of those born to blush unseen. If it was not to be valued for its rarity, it had other properties which soon commanded the anxious attention of many. In 1847, Miss Kirby found it in England, in the reservoirs adjoining the Foxton Locks, on the canal near Market Harborough, in Leicestershire. It was growing closely matted together in great abundance, although it had never been observed there before, and the reservoirs had been carefully cleaned out only two years previous. Miss Kirby's re-discovery awakened the attention of botanists to the subject. Mr Babington, of Cambridge, published a description of the plant, naming it *Anacharis Alsinastrum*. Dr Johnston, the first discoverer, reading Mr Babington's account, recognised it as the neglected water-weed of Dunse Loch; and going to look for it, found that it had travelled out of the loch, and was making its way down the Whiteadder to join the Tweed.

In the same season, Mr Mitchell found it in the Lene, a tributary of the Trent, in Nottinghamshire, 'growing in great profusion for a quarter of a mile in extent'; and about the same time, it was also found 'in dense masses and great abundance' in the Watford Locks, Northamptonshire. In 1849, it made its first appearance in Derbyshire and Staffordshire, 'forming very large submerged masses of a striking appearance,' in the Trent and adjoining canals; in 1850, it was found 'in the greatest abundance' near Rugby, in Warwickshire; in 1851, it was discovered in the Ouse and Cam, near Cambridge; and in 1852, the general public, through the columns of the local press, learned something of the alarming increase of the new water-weed.

The discovery of a new and decidedly exotic plant in large quantities and in various districts of the country, nearly at the same time, possesses more than a merely botanical interest. But when that plant, by its rapid increase, has materially interfered with inland navigation and drainage, threatening to exert a most pernicious influence on our water-communications, and on the large district termed the fen countries, its history, nature, and habits, become questions of great social and economical importance.

Only eighteen months after its discovery in the Trent, the Rev. W. M. Hind describes the anacharis as occupying a much larger portion of the river than when first noticed; and adds, 'in fact, it bids fair in a short time to block up one of the two streams into which the Trent here divides.' A year after it was first noticed in the Cam at Cambridge, the river, at the backs of the colleges, was so blocked up, that extra horses had to be yoked to draw the barges through the vegetable mass. A year after it was observed at Ely, the railway dock became so completely choked with the weed, that

boats could not enter till several tons of it had been lifted out. At Rowell Hill Pits, below Ely, the same thing occurred in the entrance docking. Indeed, wherever the plant has been noticed, it seems to be its tendency to choke up the mouths of docks, sluices, and narrow water-courses, impeding both navigation and drainage. An experienced engineer and drainage official has calculated that, last year, it impeded drainage in the fenny parts of Cambridge and Huntingdonshire equivalent to a rise of one foot in the outlet level. In many places, fishermen have discontinued setting long lines, because the 'new weed' either carries them away bodily or strips them of baits and fish; the Rev. A. Bloxam writes, that its increase has been such as entirely to prevent the use of nets in the Trent between Repton and Castle Donnington. Dr Johnston, writing last year, says:—'As with you, so with us the weed is altering the character of the Whiteadder, and will require before long to be dealt with as we have dealt with savages in some places.' To swimmers, it clings like 'scratch weed,' and more than one bather has been caught by it, entangled, drawn into deep water, and drowned. The amusement of rowing, so popular among the Cambridge students, has been materially interfered with, as a bundle of the weed will not only upset a light, outrigger boat, but also prevent the rower from swimming to the bank.

The anacharis may be easily recognised by its leaves growing in threes, round a slender stem. The femen have already named it *water-thyme*, from a very slight resemblance it bears to that plant. It is of a deep green colour, grows under the surface of the water, and its round, semi-transparent stem, several feet in length, branches out irregularly, and is clothed throughout with whorls of leaves. It is by no means difficult to account for its rapid increase. Although in this country it cannot propagate itself by seed (a remarkable fact, which we shall presently more particularly advert to), yet every fragment of the stem is capable of becoming an independent plant, producing roots and leaves, and extending itself indefinitely in every direction. And as these leaves are studded with minute teeth, which cause them to cling, and the stems are so very brittle, that whenever the plant is disturbed, pieces are broken off, the anacharis is evidently in an almost continual state of reproduction. Another singular peculiarity which increases its prolific property, is the fact that, unlike most other water-plants, it does not require to be rooted in the bottom or side of the river or canal it infests. It will actually grow, after having been cut, as it travels slowly down the stream. Mr Marshall, of Ely, to whom we are indebted for much information on this plant, says: 'The specific gravity of it is so nearly that of water, that it is more disposed to sink than float; and the cut masses may be seen under water, either on or near the bottom, rolling over and over like woolpacks, clinging to everything they meet with, and accumulating, in great quantities, at locks and bridges, and grounding in shallow water. Its mode of growth may be best seen in still and shallow waters, where it seems to spring first from the two sides and the bottom, meeting at length in the middle, and completely filling up the water-course, as I have seen in some cases, almost to the exclusion of the water.'

Some botanists were at first inclined to believe that the new weed was a native of Britain; but its extraordinary power of increase proves that it can have been only a very short time in this country. Even adopting the absurd idea, that this extraordinary fecundity is a new property, lately acquired by the plant, how is it that it so long escaped the notice of our botanists? It is so very unlike any other of our British water-plants, that it could not possibly have been overlooked.* To

* There is only one British plant, the *Potamogeton densissimus*, that bears the slightest botanical resemblance to it.

the fenmen, bargemen, watermen, fishermen, lock-keepers, water-bailiffs, millers, and others of a similar class, it is quite new, and is generally termed by them the 'furriner.' In fact, it is not even a European plant: all of the genus *Anacharis* are natives of the New World; and our identical 'furriner' is found no nearer to Britain than the rivers of Canada, where it is known to American botanists as the *Anacharis Nuttali*, or the *Udora Canadensis*. True, its almost simultaneous appearance in so many different localities, favours the idea of its being a native plant; but all those localities are reducible to two—namely, Dunse Loch, in Berwickshire, and the Foxton Locks, on the Union Canal, in Leicestershire. The great enigma is, how it found its way into Dunse Loch. Dr Johnston, however, acknowledges that several aquatic plants have been introduced into that very piece of water; and there is every probability of the *Anacharis* being one of them. More, perhaps, might be said on this part of the subject; but as our knowledge of the plant's history is at present limited, we shall leave the puzzle to be solved by Time, who reveals, as well as conceals, many other secrets of greater importance. Except where specially introduced, all the English localities of the plant are in direct communication with Foxton Locks. Those locks are situated on the canal which connects Market Harborough with Leicester, and the Rivers Welland and Soar with the Trent. The River Lene, the locks at Watford, the canal near Rugby, and the Oxford Canal, are all parts of the same extensive system of inland water-communication. All these places may, therefore, be virtually regarded as but one; for a sprig of the *Anacharis* would, in a short time, inoculate any connected water-system from one end to the other.

There is scarcely a spot in all England more favourably situated for spreading this mischievous plant through the English rivers and canals than Rugby, or the Watford Locks, near the Crick railway-station. These places, situated at the height of 350 feet above the sea, are close to the line of water-shed which divides England into the Valley of the Ouse on the east, the Severn on the west, the Trent on the north, and the Thames on the south. A few detached stems of this erratic pest could, from any of these places, enter the Severn through the Avon, the Thames through the Cherwell, the Nene above Northampton, the Ouse at Buckingham, the Welland at Market Harborough, the Trent by the Anker, Tame, and Soar; from the Soar the Witham could be entered by the Grantham Canal; and from thence by Lincoln, the important water-courses that drain the fens of North Lincolnshire could be impregnated. Still more: when the weed had travelled far down the Trent as its junction with the Humber, the numerous vessels ascending the great valley, containing 4000 square miles, drained by the Yorkshire Ouse, would carry it up with them, and so inoculate that large river and its many tributaries.

The plants of the genus *Anacharis*, are what botanists term *diaceous*—that is, the male and female flowers are found on separate individuals; and it is a noteworthy circumstance, that no male plant has been found in either England or Scotland—they are every one females. This well-ascertained fact affords an almost positive proof, that only one stem or seed of a female plant was the progenitor of all the *Anacharis* in Britain, and also explains why it cannot be propagated by seed in this country.

A reasonable conjecture, strictly within the limits of probability, may be ventured, respecting the introduction of the plant into England. In Canada, logs of timber are floated down the rivers in rafts for many miles before they reach the ship in which they are conveyed to Europe. A single seed of the *Anacharis* might have found its way into a crevice of a log, and thus, without losing its vitality, be brought to England. The great railway-works at and about Rugby

consumed an immense quantity of American timber, floated up the canals to that point; and by these means the seed, ripened in America, might have germinated in England, becoming by division the parent of an innumerable progeny.

It may be asked, how did the 'furriner' get into the Cam, as that river has no connection with the great water-communication previously mentioned? The reply is simple. It was introduced there. In 1847, a specimen from the Foxton Locks was planted in a tub in the Cambridge Botanical Garden; and in 1848, the late Mr Murray, the curator, planted a sprig of it in the Conduit stream that passes by the new garden, placing, as is usual, a stick to mark the spot. In the following year the stick could not be found, the plant having grown over it, and spread all over the ditch. From this place, it escaped by a waste-pipe across the Trumpington Road, into the 'Vicar's Brook,' and from thence into the Cam. 'In the case of the Cam, then,' says Mr Marshall, 'we see it proved to demonstration, that the short space of four years has been sufficient for one small piece of the *Anacharis* to multiply so as to impede both navigation and drainage.'

In the large, clear, swift-flowing rivers of America, the *Anacharis* does not form the immense masses which unfortunately characterise its growth in England. Probably the sluggish nature of the English rivers and canals, and the great quantity of inorganic food supplied to the plants by the lime, and the decomposing animal and vegetable matter our rivers contain, cause the greater increase and more rapid growth of the *Anacharis* in this country.

Like the brown rat, the black beetle, and another little insect we need not mention, the new water-weed has intruded amongst us, and there can be little doubt it has made its footing good. The only question, then, is, since it cannot be exterminated, what are the best means of keeping it under? This important consideration is now receiving the careful attention of botanists, engineers, canal proprietors, drainage commissioners, and others; and the probable condition and limits of the plant during the ensuing summer are looked forward to with anxious interest.

HONOUR AMONG THIEVES.

THERE is something very picturesque and romantic in the notion; but, at the same time, to get a right idea of it, we must consider certain matters which many people are apt to overlook. Thieving is a particular line of business, and of course it has its own circumstances, and must be conducted on its own principles, and by its own rules. A partnership in it is, in some respects, strikingly different from one in any other trade. Suppose, for instance, that Messrs Malt, Hops, & Co.—there is no need to name the junior partners—set up a brewery; well, they wish all mankind to know that they, the said Malt, Hops, & Co., have entered into a combination to brew beer. They announce it and advertise it in every possible way; but they will never think of dissembling the fact—that their object is to get money, and divide it. They are honourable men; and neither of them has the least idea that the other would cheat him. Nor are they, in fact, likely to disagree. The mild suavity of Mr Malt, and the dry austerity of Mr Hops, set each other off like the antagonist colours; and there would be little chance of a quarrel, even if each did not know that he could not get on at all without the other; but, nevertheless, if you look closely into their affairs, and their iron-safe, you will find that they severally signed, sealed, and delivered—being first duly stamped—certain solemn and prolix articles of partnership, drawn by a

respectable solicitor, settled by an eminent counsel, and studiously framed to meet and define the circumstances and purposes of their confederacy—minutely reciting who they are, and what they are after; and making this as plain as it can be made, by describing the course which they are to pursue in every case that can be anticipated. And they know—and everybody knows—that if, notwithstanding its improbability, there should be a quarrel, these articles will burst out, and blaze up under the noses of chancellors and vice-chancellors, chief-justices and judges, and, above all, the reporters; and that so all the articles, and all the dispute, and all about it—the truth, the whole truth, and everything but the truth—will be served up with their beer to all the consumers of Malt and Hops's Entire, and all the world beside. And a very nice way of doing business this is for honest men; but one sees at once that it would not do for thieves.

There is another thing also to be considered—namely, that if a quarrel should take place between fair traders, one of them cannot say to the other, either in plain terms, or in the most courteous and distant method of hinting: ‘My good friend, if I see reason to suspect you of playing me false to the amount of one penny, I will take care to have you hanged at the next sessions;’ and the other could not, with his hand on his heart, and his honour on his lips, be mentally growling: ‘Then I'll be before you.’

All this is very plain; but my principal object is to call the reader's attention to what is equally true, though not so obvious. Those who have given any attention to the felonial department of history, need not be told that thieves (that is, those more eminent ones who have had any pretence for talking of their honour, and have been under any great temptation to compromise it) have been, for the most part, singular persons. I do not mean men of great talents or wisdom, for sometimes the contrary has been very remarkably the case. But though such a man may be a fool, yet, in some respects, and with regard to some functions of the brain or fingers, he may be a clever one; and this mixed character may make him all the more interesting to look at, and the more difficult to deal with. And is it not probable that when any number of such persons form a union, and agree to act more or less in concert with each other, they will do business in an out-of-the-way manner?—and this particularly as regards two points: first, as to the odd and unexpected things which they will jointly and severally do, and which are only to be accounted for by a radical want of common sense; and, secondly, as to the unbounded confidence which they must, from time to time, place in each other, and without which their business could not go on at all.

The subject generally, and these remarks in particular, are, I think, illustrated by a story which I lately met with, and which certainly might, in the hands of some of our modern writers, be worked up into a three-volume novel. I aim at nothing of the sort, but scrupulously adhere to, while I abridge, my matter-of-fact authority; my object being, not to invent strange things, but to invite the reader to observe the strangeness of things which really happened, and to illustrate the familiar words which I have placed at the head of this paper.

Once upon a time, there were three men living in London. They had been previously associated in various robberies; but we shall have quite enough of their history if we say nothing of what happened before Saturday the 5th December 1768. On that day, John

Wesket was living as porter to Lord Harrington, at his lordship's residence in the Stable-yard, St James's; John Bradley, who had been a footman in the service of the same nobleman, was out of place, and lodging at the house of James Cooper, who, after having been a livery-servant, and subsequently becoming bankrupt as a cheesemonger in Ratcliffe Highway, was keeping a chandler's shop and coal-cellars in the New Turnstile, Holborn. In a room which Lord Harrington usually occupied, and which was called his study, there was a bureau which had excited the curiosity and cupidity of John Wesket; and during the year and a half that he had been in his lordship's service, he had, from time to time, outstepped his office of porter, by bringing letters, and coming on other pretences, into the room when his lordship was there, and the bureau open. By these means, he came to have a considerable knowledge of the internal arrangements of this piece of furniture, in which, as he rightly judged, his lordship kept his money and other valuables. It is almost unnecessary to add, that he had long made up his mind to plunder it, when, on that same Saturday, the 5th of December 1768, he was informed by Mr Bevel, my lord's steward, that money had been received to pay bills. It is but justice to the steward, who thus put the match to a train of ill consequences, to say, that he seems to have done it quite innocently. When questioned afterwards, he stated that his motive was to assure the porter, that he would take care that the tradesmen should come to the house to be paid, and to put him on the alert to claim his perquisites as they were going away with their money in their pockets; and this does not seem to have been doubted for a moment by anybody.

But though innocently given, this information naturally suggested to Wesket that a fit time for executing his purpose had arrived. He immediately communicated with Bradley. It was an Opera-night. Lord and Lady Harrington would be there; Wesket would admit his accomplice during their absence, and secure him until they should have returned and retired to rest. Accordingly, about eight o'clock Bradley arrived, and was admitted by Wesket, who, to secure him from observation, locked him up in his own bedroom, receiving from him the brace of pistols and tinder-box which he had directed him to bring, and giving him a bottle of rum to amuse his solitude. The pistols were provided, it may be presumed, for self-defence in case of detection, and the tinder-box was to be left behind, to convey an idea that the robbery had been committed by a stranger.

Between one and two o'clock, Wesket came to tell his imprisoned friend that all was still, and they might proceed to business. Accordingly, they first went into the kitchen, where Wesket shewed Bradley ‘a very high window which opened with a pulley and string, telling him that must be his way out when the business was done.’ This seems as if Bradley, though he had at one time been in the service of Lord Harrington (perhaps in some other residence), was not acquainted with the house in the Stable-yard; and the idea is confirmed by my authority, which adds, with great simplicity: ‘To this Bradley objected for a very good reason—because he did not know where he should come when he had got out of the window.’ Nothing could have been wiser or more philosophical; and happy would it have been for John Bradley if he had carried out his consideration far, very far beyond the limits of Westminster, or even of the wide, wide world itself. Instead of this, however, he suggested ‘that the purpose intended might be answered without trouble or risk; and immediately pulling off his shoes, which were dirty, he made the mark of his foot upon the dresser, which it was necessary to mount to get at the window, and then he daubed the window and the wall, to make it appear that somebody with dirty feet had got out of it.’

After making these arrangements, the two confederates proceeded to the bureau. Wesket, having given the candle to Bradley, made such use of a gimlet and chisel which he took from his pocket, that they presently seized on their prey. They found 'a large red leather pocket-book, with a silver clasp; a smaller ditto, with a gold clasp and gold pee [pen?], containing two drafts upon Messrs Blackwell & Co. for £20 each; a note of Messrs Drummond for £50; a draft of Mr Compton's of Derby on Bracey & Co. for £200; two round tin cases, of the size of a guinea, and about six inches long, filled with guineas; a rich gold snuff-box, enamelled red; another enamelled blue; a square gold snuff-box, of curious workmanship; a repeating watch in a transparent case, and a diamond hasp gold chain and seal; an antique seal set in gold; a silver inkstandish—the whole valued at upwards of £3000.' A later account says £2000; and adds, what is material, that among the plunder, probably in one of the pocket-books, there were two Bank-of-England notes—one for £100, and the other for £30.

This was a curious position. Here were two rascals in quiet possession of at least £2000 worth of property, which was, from its nature, and in proportion to its value, remarkably portable, divisible, and concealable. Did it ever occur to them to creep back to Wesket's room, make a rough division, such as might have been arranged in a few minutes between friends, and then let Bradley go back to his lodgings, and bemoan to his landlord, Cooper, who had promised to sit up for him, that some unfortunate accident had frustrated their design? On the contrary, Wesket handed over the whole of the plunder to Bradley, let him out at the front-door, and, what is more—what some readers may think to have been quite needless—requested that he might not see anything of him for a fortnight or three weeks. Having done this, and leaving the door wide open, John Wesket went to bed.

If it might be thought that the two rascals were under a temptation to cheat the third, certainly that one who was now the sole trustee of the spoil was under a doubly strong temptation to cheat both his associates. He had nothing to do (in fact, he could do nothing—the question was only one of direction) but walk off. He knew the town, and had travelled abroad, and was quite ready, as we shall see, to start on a foreign trip for a much smaller consideration than he then had in his pockets. But he does not seem to have thought of such a thing. My authority says, with brief simplicity: 'Bradley made the best of his way [a nice way it must have been, somewhere about two o'clock on a December morning, ninety years ago] to Cooper's house, having desired him to sit up for him.'

You may imagine the anxiety of this lonely watcher in his little solitary coal-shed, and the nervous acuteness with which he heard the footfall of every passenger, not without speculating whether it was John Bradley, or an officer to let him know that John Bradley was in a fair way to be hanged and himself too. You may, I say, imagine this, and very naturally too; but it is mere imagination. All that Bradley learned when he got to his lodgings (and how he learned that does not appear) was, that Mr Cooper was 'not at home.' The information, however he got it, must have somewhat startled him. If he had lived in the days belonging to the *Arabian Nights*, he would probably have dashed his turban on the ground, beaten his head and torn his beard, and shrieked: 'O faithless James Cooper!—O wretched John Bradley!' till he had roused the neighbourhood, and even disturbed the watch. But more discretion might be expected from a London house-breaker in the eighteenth century; and, at all events, my business is merely to say what Bradley did, not to speculate on what he might have done. His straightforward unsophisticated mind seems, for the time, to have entertained only the single idea of finding James

Cooper; and his only deduction from circumstances was, that as James Cooper was not to be found at home, he must be looked for elsewhere. You take for granted, however, that he just stepped in (of course he could: it would be hard if a man whose business it was to get into other people's houses, could be kept out of his own), and relieved himself of his rare and weighty plunder—that he was anxious to divest himself of all that was suspicious, and to put all that was valuable in a safe place. But then, again, would his lodging be a safe place? Suppose he stayed by to guard it, and Wesket, whom he had just left, should have been detected, and have tried to save his own neck by sending the hue and cry after him to Turnstile. Suppose he went away and left it, and Cooper came home and found it, and made off with it. Suppose—but really, reader, we shall make a tedious story of it if I do not put a stop to your suppositions (which I cannot help overhearing), by reminding you, that my object in detailing the proceedings of these rogues is to shew that they did not act according to common sense; and therefore, how are you (I daresay, from your having got so far in my story, a very sensible person) to anticipate their course of action? Impossible: be content with the mere facts, to which I scrupulously adhere, and which you may, if you like, pick out, and put together, from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the years 1763, 1764, and 1765.

According to my brief and simple authority, Bradley, not finding Cooper at home, 'went about in search of him.' Now here, without any colouring from imagination, the portrait of truth is strange enough. Imagine 'a low, thin-faced pale man, somewhat pitted with the small-pox, and slender, his eyes sore or inflamed, and a large tumour on his hand,' with the great pocket-book, and the little pocket-book, and the tin boxes of guineas, and the three gold snuff-boxes, and gold repeater with diamond hasp, and the silver standish, and the brace of pistols, and nobody knows what beside, in his pockets, setting forth at such a time and place on such an expedition—such a ramble in search of a wild-flower.

The search, however, was unsuccessful; though it was not until near four o'clock that he again reached Turnstile. Still, the faithless Cooper was absent, and again the indefatigable Bradley set out in search of him. But this time he divested himself of his load. Either to shew that he could have done so before, or, one would almost think, to shew that he could do something quite as absurd as he then did, he 'deposited the treasure which he had carried about the street all night, in a kind of shed in the yard under no lock.' Thus relieved, and true to his search after Cooper, he 'went out again to seek him, and by accident met him near Temple Bar.' Did not they recognise each other by a silent nod and wink; and, lest they should be for a moment seen together, fit hastily by different dark byways to the rendezvous in Turnstile? No such thing: 'they went both to a night-house, where they sat drinking together till it was light,' leaving the guineas and gold snuff-boxes to take care of themselves in the coal-shed. At length, however, they reached home, immediately burned such part of the plunder as consisted of 'negotiable notes and bills of private persons,' and put all the rest of the spoil into a box, which they buried in the cellar.

Now, let us inquire after John Wesket, who had so confidently gone to his bed in the Stable-yard, after letting out his friend Bradley. Before eight o'clock on the Sunday morning, as a maid-servant of Lord Harrington's household 'was laying the fire in the steward's room, Wesket came to the door, and asked her if she had let in an old man, who used to be frequently about the house. She said, no; but that the door was wide open when she came down stairs. Upon which he turned away, swearing and pretending to wonder 'who could go and leave the door open.' Between ten and eleven o'clock, Lord Harrington entered his study, and

immediately perceived that the bureau had been broken open. Inquiry was of course set on foot as to the way by which the robber had entered. The kitchen window, still open, with the dirt about it, and the dresser with the shoe-marks, were obvious, and all very well so far as they went; but unfortunately for the thieves, those who conducted the search having—as Mr Oldbuck wished to have in treasure-seeking—fair daylight and their own good consciences to befriend them, were able to carry out John Bradley's line of reasoning one step further than he had been able to do in his midnight robbery. He was aware that if he went out of the very high window with the pulley and string, he should infallibly go somewhere—for he was philosopher enough to know, that if a thing was to be at all, it must be in a place—but he did not know where. The searchers saw plainly, that the place in question was 'enclosed with a wall about five feet high, and the top of the wall was overgrown with moss, so that if anybody had got over it, a mark must have been seen; the appearance, therefore, of dirt about the window, and its being open, only confirmed the notion that the robbery must have been committed by a servant.'

Another circumstance, trifling in itself, but worthy of observation in our view of the case, tended to confirm this opinion. 'A little box of tools, that was kept in a place where all the servants had access to it, was searched, and a gimlet and chisel were found that exactly answered the marks.' It is not surprising that, having to set to work on rather short notice, John Wesket should have availed himself of these tools; but that he should have so immediately restored them, as if he had been anxious to have them in their proper place, ready to be found and fitted, is rather surprising. On the other side, however, the steward's suspicion, grounded perhaps on his recollection of the information which he had innocently given to the porter the day before, induced him to step down to the lodge, and take a look at Wesket's shoes. But they were clean, and we may hope that good Mr Bevel's mind was relieved. However, appearances were so strong, that Lord Harrington 'sent for Mr Spinnage, a justice of peace, to examine the servants'; but nothing came out sufficient to authorise a charge against anybody. In Wesket's box, there was found a drinking-horn, containing sixteen guineas. The amount seems to have excited some surprise. He accounted for the money as wages; and we, who know more than my lord and Mr Spinnage knew, or were likely to learn, have no suspicion that the guineas, however he had come by them, had anything to do with the matter which they were inquiring about. We know, too, how little there was for them to find in this line of investigation, and are prepared to hear of its being abandoned without having led to any discovery.

Probably suspicion was not extinct; at anyrate, 'not long afterwards,' the porter was turned away for some reason or other. He was now his own master, might go where he pleased, and see whom he pleased; and we might suppose that the first thing that he would do would be to look for John Bradley, with whom he does not appear to have had any communication since they parted in the Stable-yard. But how long it was after his discharge before they met does not appear; and then it seems to have been by mere accident. Bradley being in the gallery of the playhouse, saw Wesket in one of the side-boxes, and contriving to meet him as he came out, they went together to a house in the Piazza, Covent Garden. There at leisure, and apparently in a friendly and philosophical spirit, they talked over their affairs. 'Wesket said everything was safe, meaning that the inquiry had ended in nothing, and was satisfied with Bradley's account of the things.'

As they do not appear to have had any 'articles,' we cannot tell precisely for what part of the business each partner was specially responsible; but it seems that

'after this they met several times, when Wesket blamed Bradley for not putting off the bank-notes: Bradley then proposed to go abroad with them, having been abroad before; but Wesket telling him that my lord was well known at all the courts in Europe, he determined to carry them to Chester Fair'—a resolution which shews that they either had not been, or did not mean to be, in a hurry, for the notes were stolen on the 5th of December; and my authority proceeds: 'To Chester, therefore, he went at the Midsummer fair of 1764; and, pretending to be a young trader, he bought some linen of the Irish factors, and changed both his bank-notes, taking linen and cash, and bills on persons in London in exchange. The bills they got accepted and paid, and had now reason to think themselves safe beyond a possibility of detection, if they did not betray each other.'

They seem to have shewn no disposition to do this. Wesket's confidence in Bradley was undiminished when he sent him with the bank-notes to Chester, and Bradley's honour was unsullied when he brought back the proceeds; but, notwithstanding this, they were, as my authority proceeds to relate, 'discovered by an accident so remarkable, that it would probably have been blamed as exceeding probability if it had been made an incident in a novel.' Sometime after the robbery—indeed, it is said to have been after he had begun to spend his ill-gotten wealth—a gentleman who had casually met a woman of ill character in the street, was told by her, in the course of conversation, that she had been brought into her unhappy circumstances by the man who had been porter at Lord Harrington's at the time of the much-talked of robbery, and who had promised her marriage. Some circumstances which she stated respecting Wesket's mode of dressing and living, led the gentleman to think that it would be proper for her to tell her story to Sir John Fielding. To this she made no objection, and, when examined by that magistrate, freely stated that she first became acquainted with Wesket after his quitting Lord Harrington's service; that, until within a month, she had lived with him as his wife, under a promise that he would make her so, and that she still went by his name. She gave some account of his associates, and put into the hands of the justice some letters which she had received from his associates while she lived with him; among them was one from Bradley. She stated also, that she had very lately seen sixty guineas in Wesket's possession.

On this information, Wesket was apprehended, and, sure enough, sixty guineas were found in his possession, and he could not give any very satisfactory account of the way in which he came by them. At the same time, there was nothing to justify his detention, and he was discharged. Sometime after, however, another line of inquiry opened. Lord Harrington happened to have an exact description of the L.30 bank-note which had been stolen, and he had advertised the particulars; but it was not until three-quarters of a year after the robbery, and of course long after the note had been passed at Chester Fair, that he reaped any advantage from this measure. On the 6th of September, the L.30 note found its way back to the Bank of England. This led to its being traced through a variety of hands to one Smith, a merchant of Liverpool, who stated that he had received it from Mr Beath, a linen-factor of Newry. When applied to, Mr Beath said that he had received it at Chester Fair from a person who called himself John Walker, of London.

Still, nobody seems to have suspected that this John Walker was John Bradley. It does not appear that they inquired of the woman, who professed to know Bradley, how far the personal description of Walker, which Mr Beath gave (and which we have forestalled, in order to give the reader a clearer idea of the person who went

forth to seek James Cooper), would suit her acquaintance. 'If they had,' as my authority judiciously remarks, 'they would have taken a nearer way to their end. But,' it continues, 'on the contrary, Mr Bevel set out for Chester, to inquire where Walker had lodged, and by what carriage the cloth he bought had been sent to town, and how it was directed.' He succeeded in discovering that the so-called Walker had lodged with one Rippington, a shoemaker; but was disconcerted by learning, that he had left the place in a postchaise, taking the linen with him. He found, however, that the postboy who had driven the first stage, from Chester to Whitworth, had brought back a letter from Walker to Rippington, requesting that a pocket-book which he had left behind the looking-glass might be sent, 'directed to John Walker, to be left at the Blossoms Inn till called for.' No such book was to be found; and we may suppose that the letter was only written to inspire confidence in the reality and respectability of John Walker. One thing, however, is certain and important, that this letter of John Walker was in the handwriting of John Bradley; and one can only suppose that it was owing to some fear on his part that he had committed himself, that Mr Rippington soon after received a second letter on the subject. This came from London, and as from a friend of Walker, stating that the book had not come to hand, desiring Rippington to send it, and to advise by a letter directed to Mr Davies at St Clement's Coffee-house in the Strand.

This letter, Rippington gave to Bevel, and Bevel to Justice Fielding. He found that the master of the coffee-house had already received the letter directed to Davies; and he ordered him to detain anybody who should come for it. But nobody did come for it, and so nobody was the wiser. The letter to which it was an answer was, however, compared with those furnished by the woman, and it was clearly in Bradley's handwriting. Search had been previously made for him, but without success. His father and other relations were now examined, and three points were made out: first, that the personal description of Walker and Bradley agreed exactly; secondly, that Bradley had been at Chester Fair; thirdly, that he lodged at Cooper's in Turnstile. Upon this, Cooper was sent for, who acknowledged that Bradley had lodged in his house, but affirmed that he had left it about six weeks before, taking nothing with him, and adding, that he did not know where he was gone to. 'Upon this, Bradley was publicly advertised, handbills were dispersed all over the kingdom, persons planted at all the ale-houses he used to frequent, and every other method used to discover and apprehend him.'

These vigorous measures, though not immediately successful in the capture of Bradley, led to one very important consequence. The matter was of course talked of in 'the ale-houses he used to frequent,' and all others; and in one of them 'one Bradshaw, a coachman, who drives a job at Gerard's Hall Inn,' said that he had got a large chest belonging to Bradley in his hayloft. Information of this was given by one of the company; and the coachman and the chest were both sent for. The latter was found to contain the linen bought at Chester; and the coachman stated that he had brought it about six weeks before from Cooper's, in Turnstile. On this, Cooper was re-examined; and being confronted with the coachman, confessed, in contradiction of his former statement, that he had known of the removal of the chest to Gerard's Hall Inn. On this, he was threatened with committal; and having said A, he was soon forced to say B, and to confess that Wesket and Bradley had committed the robbery, and that he knew of their intention and their plan beforehand. 'He added, that the booty had been buried in his cellar, where some part of it still remained. The cellar was then searched, and the gold snuff-boxes

and several other things were found.' In short, fearing that he was in danger of being anticipated, John Bradley turned king's evidence, Cooper was transported, and Wesket hanged.

LOCAL IMPRESSIONS.

PERHAPS no more beautiful passage could be cited from any historian, than Xenophon's description of the feelings of those whose memorable retreat he had himself led—the remnant of the renowned Ten Thousand. After all their danger, after all their escapes, they at length reached the summit of a sacred mountain, and the sea broke upon their sight. Uttering a shout of joy, they dashed off their bucklers, and rushed wildly on. Some laughed with delight, others wept aloud in the fulness of their hearts; while many, falling on their knees, blessed the ocean 'across whose blue waters, like floating sea-birds, the memorials of their happy homes came and fanned their weary souls.' There are few, if indeed any, who cannot sympathise with their feelings, though they are best understood by those who have watched the waves, and felt the breezes which have been wafted from a home from which they have been long and far away, and to which return seems more than doubtful.

The strength and constancy of local attachment has been proved in every situation in life. The successful and the unfortunate are alike under its influence. How often do those, surrounded by all that can interest and excite, pine after their early homes, lonely and secluded though they be; and, amidst the cares of life, how does the troubled spirit look back to the haunts of former days—the paths so often trod, the song of birds amidst the old familiar trees, and the wild-flowers heedlessly gathered in childish sport! Though these are but trifles, they are among the dearest treasures of memory.

There are so many associations with the scenes we love, that, after a long absence, even the addition of an embellishment, or the removal of a defect, is seen with some degree of pain. We can well enter into the feelings of Chalmers, when he went on a visit to his father's house, where everything brought back the memory of early days. 'I proceeded to the manse,' he says. 'I remarked that the large gate laboured under its wonted difficulty of opening; and this circumstance brought the olden time with a gush of tenderness.' A word, an allusion, may bring back to the mind the most vivid local impressions. Dr Rusk, of Philadelphia, mentions, in one of his introductory lectures, that while at school in Cecil county, in Maryland, it was a favourite amusement with him and his school-fellows on holidays, to go into the field belonging to a neighbouring farmer, to see an eagle's nest, and to watch her at the time of incubation. The daughter of the farmer used sometimes to accompany them. After some years had passed, the little girl grew up and married, and, as it happened, settled in Philadelphia. A change, too, had come over the school-boy, when she and Dr Rusk, now a medical practitioner, met again. In their chance interviews, those early scenes were often reverted to—the pleasant walks, the romantic paths, and, above all, the eagle's nest in her father's field. Forty years and more had gone since those merry days, when he was called on as a physician to visit her. She was in the lowest stage of a typhus fever at the time. As Dr Rusk entered the room, he caught her eye, and he said in a cheerful tone: 'The eagle's nest!' She was unable to speak, but he had touched the right chord. She seized his hand, while her countenance expressed all the emotions which he had awakened—the home of her

youth, her early companions and friends, and all the innocent enjoyments of childhood, rushed at once to her recollection, and produced a reaction in her state. From that moment, the complaint took a favourable turn, and she recovered. So possessed was she with the conviction that these magic words had effected her cure, that her first salutation to Dr Rusk ever after was: 'The eagle's nest!'

Dr Rusk mentions another striking case, in which a vivid recollection of home was suddenly awakened, by which an immediate physical effect was produced. It was that of an old African slave, who had been absent from his country for fifty years. His long course of slavery had induced a torpidity of mind and body. With his master's permission, he went to see a lion, which was conducted as a show through the state of New Jersey. The effect was instantaneous. The sight of the animal which he had been accustomed to see in his native country brought back all its associations. Home, friends, and liberty, burst at once upon his recollection. The effect was truly marvellous. Mind and body at once relaxed, and he vented his feelings by jumping, dancing, and the most vehement acclamations. Dr Brown thinks it is the presence of part of the reality which awakens such vivid impressions, and brings the *whole* before the mind. The plans of Sir Joshua Reynolds were at one time completely upset by a casual circumstance, which seems to accord with Dr Brown's theory. He had gone abroad for professional study, and had been absent from England for three years, when it chanced that he heard an English air, which the manager of a theatre had selected in compliment to him and his companions. It happened to be one which was so popular before he left London, that go where he would he heard it—in the theatres, in private companies, in the public streets, still he was sure to hear it. He had never heard it since. He felt a strange emotion as he listened. The home he had left, the friends he loved, the society which he had enjoyed, all seemed to urge his return, and he set out immediately for England. Nothing, indeed, brings us back to former days more instantly than old familiar sounds. We all know what uncontrollable feelings have been excited by the *Ranz des Vaches*, and the sound of the Scottish pipes. Even the sounds that float through the air, 'waked by no minstrel's hand,' assume the tones of some melody from home. While on the wide seas, sailors frequently think they hear their village bells; and the author of *Eothen* mentions hearing the chimes from his native village while travelling through the desert. Simple objects are invariably those which awaken the most tender recollections; nay, their very insignificance, under some circumstances, enhances their effect. 'Whilst we were at dinner,' says Captain King, 'in this miserable hut, on the banks of the river Awatska—the guests of a people with whose existence we had before been scarce acquainted, and at the extremity of the habitable globe—a solitary half-worn pewter spoon, whose shape was familiar to us, attracted our attention; and on examination, we found it stamped on the back with the word *London*. I cannot pass over this circumstance in silence, out of gratitude for the many pleasant thoughts, the anxious hopes, and tender remembrances it excited in us.' We are told of a visit which Johnson paid not long before his death, which gave him infinite delight—it was to a hollow tree at Lichfield, of which he had been fond in his boyish days.

Macaulay, in speaking of local attachment, says, that it is generally found strongest in great minds. He quotes from Lord Clive's letters to shew how, in the scenes of excitement and grandeur, his heart yearned after home. 'If I should be so far blest,' he says, 'as to revisit again my own country, but more especially Manchester, the centre of all my wishes, all that I could hope for or desire would be presented before me in one view.' He

tells us how powerfully Warren Hastings was attached to the seat of his ancestors at Daylesford, in Worcestershire: the family being unable to keep it up, had sold it to a merchant of London. Macaulay goes on to say: 'The daily seeing the lands which his ancestors had possessed, and which had passed into the hands of strangers, filled his young brain with wild fancies and projects. One bright summer day, the boy, then just seven years old, lay on the bank of the rivulet which flows through the old domain of his house to join the Ise; there—at threescore-and-ten years later, he told the tale—rose on his mind a scheme, which, through all the turns of his eventful career, was never abandoned: he would recover the estate which had belonged to his father—he would be Hastings of Daylesford. When, under a tropical sun, he ruled fifty millions of Asiatics, his hopes, amidst all the cares of war, finance, and legislation, still pointed to Daylesford; and when his long public life, so singularly chequered with good and evil, with glory and obloquy, had at length closed for ever, it was to Daylesford he retired to die.' It is, indeed, most affecting to see the home which has been hallowed by affection, and endeared by the earliest recollections, pass into the hands of strangers. Poor Cowper, in his youth, had this to lament: it had never occurred to him that the glebe where his father lived belonged to the parish rectory he held, and was not his own property; the sorrow he felt when he found it was about to be inhabited by another, is so affectingly touched on by himself, that it should be given in no other words: 'There was neither tree, nor gate, nor stile in all that country, to which I did not feel a relation; and the house itself I preferred to palace. I was sent from London to attend my father in his last illness, and he died just before I arrived; then, and not till then, I felt for the first time that I and my native place were disunited for ever. I sighed a long adieu to fields and woods from which I once thought I should never be parted, and was at no time so sensible of their beauties, as just when I left them all behind me, to return no more.'

The early haunts of imaginative persons influence to a great degree their delightful reveries—the solitude in which fancy had full sway—the woods, where the muses were first heard—the streams, from whose pure fountains inspiration was first imbibed, are worth all the fame and fortune that later years can glean. It has been told, and on good authority, that when the Marquis of Wellesley was an old man, after he had been governor-general of India, and had filled one of the highest ministerial offices in England, he one day went to the New Forest. Sixty years had elapsed since he had been last there, but its scenes were never to be forgotten. It was there he had met one whom he had passionately loved, one who had fondly returned his affection, and who had died in the brightness of his youth. The lustre and activity of a long life were forgotten in the dearer recollections associated with the scenes of these early loves; every morning he drove to the immediate neighbourhood of the abode where they had been domesticated, and there, alighting from his carriage, he would wander through all the paths they used to tread, to feel too deeply that 'ambition is no cure for love.'

Ward tells us, that the Hindoos are strongly attached to their homesteads. Though the head of the family be employed in a distant part of the country, though the homesteads be almost in ruins, they cling still to the family inheritance with a fondness bordering on superstition. Tempted by the intense love of home, soldiers and sailors have often deserted, running fearful risk of detection, which indeed they do not often escape. Criminals, in their longings after home, have ventured from the places where they sought concealment, and have thus fallen into the hands of justice. Governor Wall, after he had been indicted for murder, and appre-

bended, contrived to make his escape to the continent, where he remained for many years. Part of the time he spent at Naples, where he was received into the best society, and treated with great kindness: a longing to visit home, however, induced him to forego the advantages of security and social intercourse, and he returned at all risks. Here he lingered under a fictitious name, and in utter seclusion. At length, wearied with the constant restraint and loneliness, and buoying himself up with hopes of an acquittal, he gave himself up. He was tried for murder, found guilty, and condemned—his last days were spent in a dungeon—and he died by the hands of the common executioner.

In the heart-yearnings after home, the health often gives way, fatal symptoms come on, and death ensues. This melancholy disease, known as the *mal du pays*, has been so common among the Swiss and Highland soldiers, as to favour the belief that its attacks were confined to the natives of mountainous districts; but it is an ascertained fact, that the disease has occurred among the conscripts in the French army, whose homes had been in towns. Mr Dunlop mentions the case of a London pickpocket who was labouring under it at the hulks. Female servants who had left their rustic homes and occupations, to seek for service in Paris, have been found in the hospitals of that city labouring under the *mal du pays*. Sailors, during lengthened and unfortunate voyages, have suffered severely from the complaint. When homeward bound—at the very moment when their fondest hopes appeared realised—when just about to revisit home, and to enjoy the long desired meeting with friends—they were again pressed into the service, and carried far from home and all they loved—the disease has often in such cases resulted in calenture; a kind of mania, under which the imagination pictures amidst the waves the green fields of home, the trees, the well-known paths—sometimes the cottage whose roof shelters all that is dearest—all appear within the dreamer's grasp, and, transported by the illusion, he casts himself among the billows. Among all the miseries of their lot, the poor negro slaves are peculiarly subject to the fatal heart-sickness: they have been frequently known to commit suicide, under the impression that, when freed by death from slavery, they would be transported to their early homes.

The *mal du pays* utterly baffles medical skill. Kindness has its salutary effect in keeping off the fatal disease, or in preventing its spreading, for it sometimes spreads like a contagious disorder. In regiments which are commanded by harsh and unfeeling officers, it has been known to prevail to a great extent. Medicine, instead of relieving, aggravates the symptoms. The only cure which ever was, or probably ever will be found for it, is the promise of a speedy return to home. The magical effect of this is known to those who have had an opportunity of watching the progress of the complaint: they have seen it revive those who were reduced to the last extremity. Zimmerman tells of a young student at Göttingen, who endured such anguish while separated from his home, that he fell into this disease, and became, as it was supposed, a confirmed hypochondriac. He was so thoroughly impressed with the idea, that if he moved he would break a blood-vessel, that no entreaties could prevail on him to stir. When told that arrangements had been made for his immediate return home, every bad symptom vanished, as if by magic: he instantly jumped up; he traversed the length and breadth of the town, to take leave of his friends. The most desperate cases, curs'd in like manner, are on record. There are, indeed, instances of the powerful effect of local impressions in every form of disease. There is not one which could be named, where the patient's life would not be endangered by removal, in which the physician, to give him a *last chance*, has not recommended his native air and scenery; and their efficacy has been often

found all-powerful when everything else has failed. There is scarcely a day of our lives when we might not be led to acknowledge the influence of local impressions as part of our very nature. The affection for home seems to have been beneficially inspired to shed a blessing on every lot: the most bleak and rugged home is as dear to its inmates as the finest landscapes are to those whose destiny places them among them. 'Home is home, be it ever so homely,' is a common adage that conveys a world of meaning, though it may be sometimes exemplified in a manner to make us smile. A servant, whom his master had taken over from Ireland to London, was asked what he thought of that marvellous city. 'It is a fine town, to be sure,' replied he, 'but it's nothing to Skibbereen!'

Memorials are scattered here and there, which tell how the thoughts of a long-absent one have been in the home of his fathers. We were much interested by an account of a faithful servant, who was leaving the service of a cardinal in Rome that he might pass the remnant of his days in his native village. His master, wishing to give him some substantial proof of the estimation in which he held his long-tried fidelity, desired him to name any article in the palace which he would wish to take with him. The servant declared his choice: it was the picture of our Saviour's removal from the cross, by Guido, at which he had often looked in the cardinal's gallery. It was what he would have—he would present it to the church of his native village. The cardinal was somewhat confounded, but his promise was given, and he allowed the picture to be taken away by the servant; and in the little church of the remote village of Petit Bernaud, in a wild secluded valley, this noble specimen of art by one of the first masters is to be found.

AFRICAN KINGS AT HOME.

A SINGULAR and laudable effort was made some years ago, by an enterprising missionary, to educate the children of African kings, thinking that if these could be rightly trained, they would exercise a very beneficial influence over their fellow-countrymen. He was favourably situated for this purpose, in MacCarthy Island, a small British settlement in the Gambia, about half-way up the navigable part of that noble river. This island contains 2000 or 3000 liberated Africans, who live under British rule and protection; and is the centre of European trade and influence in this district of Western Africa. Here the missionaries had built a spacious house, school-room, and other necessary premises; and here the government had granted 600 acres of land for a native village and model-farm, under care of the mission. The Rev. W. Fox conceived the bold plan of getting the sons of all the neighbouring princes into a school taught by a competent master. Their board and education would of course be gratuitous; but the expense would not be great, and it would be willingly defrayed by some philanthropic persons in England.

All needful preparations were made; and now came the important question: Would the native kings intrust their children to the British teacher? This would be placing a confidence in him which they would not put in any other human being. Yet there were some grounds for such confidence. The English had long renounced the slave-trade, and had abolished it in the whole of the district; they had at great expense rescued thousands of captured negroes from the slavers, and located them in a territory where they enjoyed security and freedom; and the missionaries had always espoused the cause of the poor Africans, redressed many of their wrongs, and had taught, fed, and clothed a multitude of helpless children. These things were much talked about in the country, so that British honour and humanity bore a high character among

these rude descendants of Ham. Neighbouring kings and chieftains visited Macarthy Island with the utmost confidence, and were hospitably treated by the merchants; and in times of war, crowds of refugees fled for protection to the British banner, which was never sullied by an act of treachery. Armed, therefore, with the assurance of a good reputation, and the confidence of his own benevolent intentions, Mr Fox paid visits to some of the most redoubtable princes of the country, for the purpose of asking them to send their children to his new-formed institution. Some incidents connected with these journeys will exhibit the manners and character of those semi-barbarous chieftains.

In visiting the king of Woolli, it was necessary to sail up the river more than 200 miles to Fattatenda. This is a place of considerable trade, as it is the highest port of importance in the Gambia, and is resorted to by native traders from the interior. The stream is here about 100 yards wide, and in the dry season, from two to three fathoms deep; but during the rains, the water rises forty or fifty feet higher. Mr Fox was accompanied by a Jaloo assistant—who was also familiar with the Mandingo language—with a Foolish interpreter, and some servants to carry his baggage. Walley, the wharfinger of Fattatenda, agreed to accompany him, and introduce him to the king of Woolli. But when they were on the point of starting, the wily African demanded another present beyond what he had bargained for; and it was found necessary to submit to this imposition. After an hour's ride, principally over a low clayish ground, Walley brought the party to a small town, in which was his own residence, where he insisted upon remaining till the afternoon, as he declined journeying during the heat of the day. But he behaved with the usual hospitality which negroes exercise toward travellers with whom they are at amity. He presented them with a fowl, and the alcaid sent a small goat for their breakfast; so that, with the aid of several bowls of *kooskoos*—a kind of pounded corn—they managed to make a good repast. Amongst other things which tended to while away the mid-day hours, was a rencontre with three young girls, of agreeable appearance, who disputed as to which of them was the prettiest; a question they wished the white man to decide. For this purpose, they presented themselves before him, each holding a small bit of straw, which he was desired to take from the hand of the most beautiful; but not understanding their language, or knowing why the lot was to be drawn, he took two of the straws at once, at which they had a hearty laugh, and were obliged to postpone the decision of their important question.

Owing to a variety of hinderances, the travellers did not get on the road till half-past four next morning, cheered on their way by the moon, whose clear pale beams shone amid the trees of the forest through which they passed. They reached Madina, the capital of Woolli, at eight o'clock. Mr Fox was here conducted to the premises of Sandi, a kind of secretary of state, who was at this time, as usual, somewhat bemused with strong drink. He had enough of his senses remaining, however, to receive his guest, to whom he immediately presented a goat for his entertainment, and then inquired what gifts he had brought for the king and for himself. Being informed of the articles intended for his majesty, he pronounced them to be unsatisfactory, as there was no rum in the list; and intimated an opinion, that the king would not allow the visitor to pass through his dominions to Bondou, as there was a dispute between the countries, which could not be settled for some days. After throwing other obstacles in the way, and giving various hints that they might be removed by a handsome gift to himself, he at length declared distinctly, that he would not introduce him to the sovereign till he had received what he considered to be his own right. The articles now tendered

were refused, and after sundry altercations, the matter was postponed till next day. The king's present, consisting of two pieces of blue baft and some tobacco, was immediately forwarded; and the royal compliments were sent in return, followed by a fowl and kooskoos for supper. Next morning, two dollars' worth of tobacco were offered to the secretary, who pretended to receive them with great indifference; nor would he be propitiated without a piece of baft, which at once contented him, and he led the strangers into the royal presence. The old king, whose name is Mansa Koi, about sixty years of age, was lounging upon bed inside his hut. He desired Mr Fox to sit beside him; the rest of the company squatting on the earthen floor. A conversation ensued, in which his majesty expressed himself much in favour of the Englishman's projects; and after inquiring into his reasons for going forward to Bondou, at once granted his permission, and wished him success. Madina is surrounded with a wall eight feet high, and a ditch outside, having three gates or entrances. Its population may amount to 1200, consisting chiefly of *sonnikees*, or drunken infidels, who are distinguished by this name from the Mohammedans. Two or three of the old men remembered Mungo Park, who, on his first visit to the country, found a friend in a former king of Woolli.

At Bambiko, about twelve miles from the capital, Mr Fox went to pay a visit to Mantamba, the king's general, or head warrior, who resides in this village. He was in the same predicament as Sandi, having spent the night in revelry; but cordially welcomed the party. In an hour after, he came to give his 'compliment,' bringing with him a *griot*, or player, with a fiddle, and a number of attendants, and immediately commenced dancing. He then took his guests to see a bullock, which he had ordered to be killed for their entertainment. After awaking from a few hours' sleep, he was again hunting for some rum, when he received a present from Mr Fox. He sent his thanks, with an expression of his intention to visit the party before they started; but this intimation only induced them to set off immediately. When Mungo Park was at Madina, this Mantamba was a young man, and son of the reigning king.

After twelve days' travelling through wood, wilderness, and champaign, the party arrived at Bulibani, the capital of Bondou, and took up their lodging with an uncle of their guide in an adjoining village. The king of this country is termed an *almamy*, a Mohammedan prince, chieftain in both a civil and religious capacity; the office is partly hereditary and partly elective. The present sovereign, by name Saada, had acted for many years as commander-in-chief, and was in high repute amongst the notables of the kingdom; so that, upon the death of the late king, he was immediately chosen in preference to a nearer relative. As Bondou is a very powerful kingdom, its metropolis is one of the best towns in Western Africa. It is surrounded with a substantial mud-wall, ten feet high, built in a zig-zag form, with strong buttresses inside. The wall is pierced with loopholes, and the gateways are surmounted with small embattled turrets, furnished in a similar manner. The palace, if such it may be called, has the appearance of a citadel, the walls being built of strong timbers and clay. It is divided into a number of small courts and separate apartments, some of which are used as store-rooms for ammunition, firearms, and other valuables. The passages are very intricate; and to prevent intrusion by a stranger, sentinels are posted in them, and at the doorways. The roof is flat, being covered with beams of a species of palm-tree, the most durable wood in Africa, and plastered over with a kind of mortar; and there is a parapet-wall, upon which three field-pieces are mounted. The walls of the palace are about seventeen feet high, and of immense thickness; and the whole is enclosed by another wall of the same kind.

It might be the residence of a negro Dionysius, and affords a good specimen of the architectural resources of a semi-barbarous warrior.

The almamy was going out upon a plundering expedition, and was encamped about six miles from Bulibani. Thither Mr Fox repaired, and sent him word of his arrival; upon which the king returned his compliments, and in about an hour favoured him with an interview. His majesty was seated in a tent, erected in a large square yard, surrounded by 250 of his counsellors, warriors, and priests; a sheep-skin near him was placed for the European and his interpreter. The almamy had a spear at his right hand, and a double-barrelled gun at his left; and all his attendants were armed with similar weapons, or with cutlasses and poisoned arrows. The object of the visit was briefly stated; then followed a long conversation concerning the doctrines which the missionary taught, and how they differed from Mohammedanism. Mr Fox afterwards expostulated with his sable majesty on the impropriety of such plundering warfare as he was about to engage in; and finished by presenting him with some pieces of baft and tobacco, and an Arabic Bible, handsomely bound in gilt morocco. The almamy graciously accepted the gift; and as to the expostulation, replied, that they were not going to make war upon good people, but upon infidels, whose destruction was well-pleasing to God, who would reward him with paradise if he should fall in the encounter. This notion was disputed by the white man; but the conversation soon terminated, and they shook hands in a friendly manner. Mr Fox sent word to the prince, that he wished to return to Bulibani, as he was hungry, and no provisions could be had in the camp-village; whereupon a calabash of honey was sent to stay his appetite. Presently another message came, requesting to know if he had any more black ribbon, like that which he wore round his neck, to which the king had taken a fancy. Knowing the meaning of this hint, Mr Fox took off the ribbon, carefully folded it up, and sent it with his compliments. Another message desired to have a second interview, when his majesty sought for additional explanations about the legality of warfare, and asked if the English did not engage in it. After being satisfied on these points, the meeting broke up in a friendly manner. In the afternoon, the army returned to the capital, instead of proceeding on their expedition; and the almamy sent a good fat sheep for the stranger's supper. On the occasion of a third visit to this sable prince, he was found sitting upon a large, rough white sheep-skin, outside his residence, surrounded by counsellors, priests, and *griots*. One of the latter was strutting about in an open space, using his voice at its utmost pitch in the praises of his sovereign. Saada wished to have a little chit-chat about politics, and to ascertain the designs of the English respecting late occurrences in the Gambia; his curiosity being gratified, he cordially shook hands with his guest, promised to furnish him with a guide, and when he retired, sent after him another calabash of honey.

The most difficult enterprise still remained. Kemmingtan, king of Upper Nyani, was the most formidable warrior in this region—a most cruel and desperate freebooter, whose very name made the more timid tribes of the negro race quake with fear. He neither feared God nor regarded man; and his whole life was a career of brutal violence and depravity. On the death of his father, he had usurped the throne, having first publicly murdered his two elder brothers, and left their carcasses to the beasts of prey. His country was not so powerful as some others, but he kept a body of bandits, as ferocious as himself, with whom he made sudden sallies into the adjoining territories, plundering the towns, setting them on fire, and killing or carrying off their inhabitants. Nor did he confine his plundering excursions to his own vicinity, but ravaged the banks of

the Gambia for a hundred miles; appearing among the people as if by magic, and destroying them at a blow. He was as savage to his own subjects as to foreigners, and when excited by strong liquor, was a terror to all around him. We can imagine the wild chieftain sitting at the door of his house drinking with his favourite warriors, with loaded guns at their sides, talking over their bloody feats, and slaying over again the slain. A luckless messenger comes in, who has travelled hard to inform him of the defeat of one of his marauding detachments. The king's eye flashes fury, and unable to vent his rage upon his enemies, he lifts his gun and shoots the bearer of bad tidings dead upon the spot. A maraboo or priest has offended him, by declaring that the omens are unlucky; and as it is unlawful to kill one of these sacred men, the king cuts off his hands and feet, and leaves him to bleed to death, saying: 'It was Allah who killed him; I only cut off his limbs!'

Kemmingtan had seized and plundered a vessel belonging to a British subject, in consequence of which the traders refused to sail up the river; and the kings of the upper district being thus deprived of their customs dues, entered into a coalition against the aggressor. Determined to oppose his enemies, he retired to his fortified capital, situated in an immense forest, and prepared for a vigorous defence. He now summons the chief marabouts to his aid, and requires of them a strong *greegree*, or charm, which will save him from foreign assaults. The head *bushreen* finds himself in an awful dilemma. It is with him a matter of life or death; for if his charm should fail, he knows what will be the result. So he plays a desperate game. He promises to make a sufficient *greegree*, if an adequate price be given. The bargain is struck, and the sorcerer requires two slaves and five horses for his trouble. He then has full authority to do what he pleases; and he resolves to do a deed which shall make the ears of him that hears it tingle. He commands two holes to be dug close to each other in front of Kemmingtan's fort. After performing various incantations in presence of the people, he selects a young female out of the company, and orders her legs to be put into the holes, which are filled up with earth. Lumps of clay are then brought and built up round her; and notwithstanding her appalling shrieks, and those of her mother, the work is continued until she is entirely enveloped, and is thus built alive into her tomb. This horrible mound is left standing as an incantation to prevent the approach of a foe. The news of this terrible deed spread abroad, as the wily maraboo expected; and no native king was found hardy enough to assail the chieftain protected by such sorceries.

At last, the British lieutenant-governor, having in vain demanded restitution, proceeded with a few native troops and white volunteers to chastise the marauder. They were as brave as they were ignorant of warfare. Having sailed in boats up a creek as near as possible to Dunkaseen, they marched through a jungle, being obliged to cut a way for three small pieces of artillery they had brought with them. At last they came within sight of the town; and being sure of success, took not the most ordinary precautions for its attainment. The sun poured his scorching beams upon them; yet without providing water, or taking any rest or refreshment, they at once commenced the attack. The cannon eventually made a breach in the mud-walls, which brought out the lion from his den. It had been agreed that when a breach was made, their allies from Woollie should enter and storm the place; but these feared the prowess of Kemmingtan, and waited for the British to enter first. The latter were quite exhausted from want of food, and more especially of water, and so far from being able to fight hand to hand with Kemmingtan's warriors, were scarcely able to stand under the oppressive heat. A few volleys of musketry were fired and returned, by which several

negro soldiers were killed, and two Europeans wounded; upon which the latter beat a hasty retreat, leaving their guns spiked behind them, and trying who should first regain their boats. They would doubtless have all perished, had not Mantamba's warriors protected their retreat. Kemmingtan was now more dreaded than ever by the negroes. He managed to unspike the guns, and mounting them upon his own walls, bade defiance to the world. It was reported that he had crammed them to the muzzle with old nails and iron rubbish of all kinds, never imagining that they would probably burst on the first discharge. But he has not been put to the trial. Attempts at an amicable settlement failed, as the chief refused to trust himself to an interview with the governor out of his own territory; and no European chose to enter the lion's lair. His power, however, was considerably curtailed, as all the neighbouring kings made alliance with the British, and he dared not venture far from his own precincts. Some British troops having been sent to aid the king of Kattaba against him, he swore that he would make a greegree of the first white man's head he could obtain.

Mr Fox was the first who ventured into his presence, to make the bold request, that he would intrust him with one or more of his children to educate. From Fattatenda, he despatched a message to the king, who returned for answer, that he would be glad to see him, and had therefore sent a servant to conduct him from Woilli to Dunkaseen. The king of Woilli forwarded horses to bring him to Madina, where he again met with a kind reception. Thence he proceeded with an interpreter, who was much afraid of an interview with the savage warrior. He was also accompanied by his own negro servant, who now gave a striking proof of fidelity. Being quite uncertain of the kind of reception he might meet with from Kemmingtan, Mr Fox proposed to Wassa to remain at Madina, in charge of his baggage; but the lad replied: 'No, massa, I must go with you. Suppose Kemmingtan make you slave, he make me slave; suppose he kill you, he kill me too.' They, therefore, went together. After resting from their journey, they were taken to Kemmingtan's residence. The place of interview was an open space in a fortress, surrounded with a high wall, where the king sat on a stool in a doorway leading to one of his apartments. He held a double-barrelled gun in his hand, and ordered the stranger to sit down before him on a mat, about six feet distant. His determined and malevolent countenance was a faithful index of his character; he would scarcely look at the speaker, appearing to amuse himself with the triggers of his weapon. He made no reply, which he seldom did on a first visit. After separating, the king sent a plentiful supper of rice and goat-mutton, with a mess of milk and kooskoos. Next morning, he received his guest very civilly, even condescending to look at him benignantly. He said that he had thought over what had been advanced; that much talk was not good; what he said, that he meant; he was glad to see him; his object was proper, but so new and strange, that he could make no promise about it: he would reconsider the matter, and any future messenger to him on this subject should be treated with the same respect as Mr Fox himself. Presents were made, and further conversation ensued about political affairs. The king supplied the party with plenty of food, and furnished horses and guides back to Fattatenda. In eighteen months afterwards—so long had the wary chief taken to consider—he sent one of his children to the institution on Macarthy Island. Other kings and chiefs had already done so; and at one time there were twelve royal pupils under British training.

These bright prospects of usefulness were eventually, like other attempts to benefit Western Africa, blighted by the sickly nature of the climate. The agriculturist was obliged to return to England; the missionary in charge of the African Institution lost his wife and

his health, and hurried away; his successor, whose heart was enthusiastically set upon the work, died; and Mr Fox, after losing his wife and child, and suffering from repeated attacks of fever, felt constrained to abandon the field in which he had sedulously laboured for more than ten years. The mission, to which nearly 300 converted negroes are joined in church-fellowship, is now in charge of a native agent of good abilities and education; but though the common day-school which he superintends in Macarthy Island is in a prosperous condition (according to the testimony of the governor of the Gambia), the average attendance of children being ninety—and though many natives regularly attend the Sabbath-school for instruction in reading and religious truth—yet an African cannot be expected to possess the confidence of the surrounding kings and princes, and to have that influence over them which was obtained by a *tshaboo foday* (white learned-priest), whose bold daring in a benevolent design overcame even the savage heart of Kemmingtan—the only time this cruel chieftain was ever known to respect and trust a fellow-mortals.

The deadly climate of Western Africa is at once its bane and its security. It paralyses the efforts of Saxon philanthropists to educate the negroes, and teach them the arts of civilised life; but it also prevents avaricious Europeans from taking possession of the country, and enslaving the inhabitants on their own soil. Natives trained up in the British settlements on the coast and in Liberia, must be the educators of their own countrymen, carrying with them into the interior the letters and arts of civilised humanity.

THE POISON-EATERS.*

Dr Tschirnii's further investigations on the subject of arsenic-eating have led to no new discoveries, but they have enabled him to add a few more examples to those he had already given. In every instance, the poison-eater, when first questioned on the matter, denied his propensity with the most determined obstinacy. The confessions of one individual prove a consumption of poison in a certain number of years which is most extraordinary. From his twenty-seventh to his sixty-third year, this person was accustomed to take each month, during several days, a dose of arsenic. He began, as usual, with a portion not larger than a grain of linseed, and for a long succession of years kept to this quantity. On weighing a piece of Hungarian arsenic, such as the man had been accustomed to take, it was found to vary from two to four grains. When asked why he had not increased the dose, he replied, he had not the courage to do so; for having attempted it once when tipsy, and not at the ordinary time, the consequence was severe attacks of colic, a burning in the throat, and throbbing in the stomach. The bit he then swallowed was, however, pretty large. For more than two years he had entirely given up the practice, which he accounted for by saying, that one of his acquaintance, an old poison-eater, had died of dropsy after much suffering. He thought that illness had been caused by the use of arsenic, and as he greatly feared a like fate, he had of late wholly abstained from his accustomed *Hidri*.

Since his discontinuance of arsenic, this man has suffered from time to time from very severe attacks of colic; but during the whole period of his use of the poison, he was unwell but once, and then from inflammation of the lungs. All the persons in the house where he lived had the itch for a long time; and although he was constantly in contact with them, he was never attacked by the disease. In the course of the thirty-five years that this individual was accustomed to eat poison, he must, according to computation, have swallowed from twenty to twenty-two ounces of

* See No. 416.

arsenic; and yet this enormous quantity of the most powerful mineral poison caused no observable derangement in his functions, except a certain hoarseness of voice—which, as it would appear, is peculiar to all poison-eaters.*

It seems to be a general rule, observed also by the individual just spoken of, that the arsenic must be taken when the moon is on the increase, and never, except under peculiar circumstances, when it is on the wane.

There are various methods of taking the dose. Some, when fasting, put a small morsel in their mouth, and let it gradually dissolve; others reduce it to powder, and strew it on a slice of bread or bacon.

It is not uninteresting to mention here an attempt at murder which occurred at the end of 1851, connected as it is with the effects of arsenic on the human system. One of the servants of a family living in the north of France, was desirous of getting rid of his mistress, on account of the strict control she exercised over the household. For this purpose, he mixed small doses of arsenic with her food, during a considerable length of time, probably from the belief, that a slow and gradual death by poison would avert all suspicion of a violent death. To his no small astonishment, however, he saw that in the course of some months the lady not only grew stouter, but improved in her good looks. Her countenance was fresher, and she was much gayer than before. As the small doses, instead of having the desired result, produced quite a contrary one, he mixed a considerably larger quantity of arsenic with some stewed chicken, and soon after this was eaten by the lady, such decided symptoms of poisoning appeared, that the attempt at murder was discovered.

It was already known that certain individuals in mountainous districts were accustomed to the use of arsenic, for the sake of giving them 'good wind'; but Dr Tschudi has since discovered that in Salzburg and Tyrol, as well as in Styria and the highlands of Austria, the custom of eating arsenic is very general, especially among the chamois-hunters.

Dr Tschudi gives, further, the following most curious communication, received by him from a perfectly trustworthy source. 'Mr F. St—, director of the arsenic-mines in M—kl, in L—au, has been accustomed to take daily at breakfast, for a number of years past, a small quantity of powdered arsenic, as much as would lie on the tip of his knife, to protect him, as he asserts, from the injurious effects arising from the fabrication of arsenic. At the request of a physician, he sent him a similar quantity, such as he had been daily in the habit of taking, being guided in the dose solely by the eye, and the portion was found to weigh three grains and three-fourths. He has thus been in the habit of taking daily between three and four grains of arsenic, at the same time enjoying most excellent health. It is said that he gives his workmen systematic instructions as to how they are to proceed in the enjoyment of arsenic, in order to preserve themselves from the hurtful effects caused by its preparation.'

It has already been stated, that it is a common practice in Austria—in Vienna especially—to give horses occasional doses of arsenic, in order to improve their coat, and add to its glossy appearance. Various are the methods of giving it to the animals, and although each person adheres to his own particular practice, yet

* The worthy clergyman A— in M— writes as follows on this particular symptom:—'On inquiry, I learned that the individual in question keeps his arcanum a profound secret, and tells nobody what it is he eats: however, the general opinion is that it is arsenic. The man is fifty-five years old, has a healthy look, is robust, was never dangerously ill, but is always hoarse, and speaks with a roughness in his throat. He keeps his secret thus cautiously, for fear of being punished for possessing arsenic, and lest the supply, so necessary to his health, should be cut off. I am told he increases the dose when the moon increases, and diminishes it when she is on the wane.'

all agree on one point—that the arsenic ought to be given only when the moon is on the increase. Some give it daily during this period in doses of from three to four grains; others administer it in a larger quantity, for two consecutive days before the moon is at the full, and then omit it for two days, during which time the animal is given, once in the week, an aperient of aloes. The grooms and farm-servants, however, are very particular in giving the arsenic *after* the animal has fed and drunk, strewing it generally in the form of powder on a piece of bread. If, however, the horse is to have his dose while at work, the lump of poison is then wrapped in a linen rag, or is strewed in a powdered state on a piece of bacon, and wrapped round the bit or curb. A portion of the arsenic would seem to be voided with the excrement; for it has often been observed, that fowls have died after eating the corn found in the dung of horses dosed with arsenic. Horses fed on oats are, as is well known, subject to attacks of colic; but the grooms assert that if arsenic be mixed with the grain, no illness of the sort ever takes place.

With cattle, the use of arsenic is less frequent, and is employed only in the case of fatted oxen and calves. The same rules are observed with regard to the moon as those alluded to above; and the poison is strewed in a powdered state on their food. The effect on the size of the animal is very striking; the increase of weight, however, being in no proportion to the increase of bulk. For this reason, the butchers never buy such oxen, according to the looks of the living animal, the real weight of flesh being always much less than the apparent weight. It is the same with calves, to which the arsenic is given strewed on wheaten bread. On account of this manner of fattening cattle for the market, many a peasant or grazier in Styria and Upper Austria is known by the name of *Hidribauer*—(arsenic-peasant, poison-peasant).

To pigs, arsenic is often given, especially at the beginning of the fattening-time. In many handbooks for breeders of cattle, it is recommended to strew a dose of sulphuret of antimony daily on the food of the pigs. Now, it has been remarked, that the *purified* antimony bought at the druggists' (*Antimonium sulphuratum nigrum laevigatum*) has no effect whatever; while the sulphuret of antimony purchased at the oil and colour shops proves efficacious—which arises probably from the circumstance, that the latter usually contains no inconsiderable quantity of sulphur.

Thus we see the same rules observed in administering arsenic to animals which the poison-eaters observe with regard to themselves. It would not be uninteresting to learn, whether the favourable effect produced on animals by small doses of arsenic, first led men to apply it to themselves; or whether, on the contrary, it was tried on the brute, after having been found so serviceable in the economy of the human being.

TABLE-MOVING AND SPIRIT-MANIFESTATIONS.

We have been requested by the gentleman who wrote the late article, entitled *The Spirits Come to Town*, to insert the following note. We do so, in justice to him, while reserving our own judgment regarding these so-called phenomena:—

"Since writing my article on this subject, an unexpected circumstance has taken place, which calls for a considerable modification of the views expressed in that paper. Greatly to my surprise, the alleged phenomena have, within the last few days, been exemplified in my own house, under my own care, without the presence of any professed Medium. In concession to the generally felt improbability of spiritual communications, and my own feelings of scepticism on that point, I will not say that spirits have been concerned in the case; but whatever be the agency, I am clear as to the *aetas* or things done. Under a light application of the hands of a few of my family and myself, a round table has moved both linearly

and round—in the latter manner so rapidly at some moments, that I counted six revolutions in half a minute. With hands disposed in the same manner, we have received signals of various kinds in answers to questions, sometimes by tappings, but more frequently by lateral movements of the table on its feet, or by its tilting in a particular direction requested. I can fully depend on the probity of the three or four members of the family circle who were associated with me in the experiments; but what places the matter beyond doubt is, that some of the responses have involved matters known only to myself. I may add, that the same phenomena have been elicited, under my care, in another family, composed of persons to whom they were entirely a novelty. I am therefore left in no doubt as to the verity of the alleged facts, and, in justice to the professed Mediums, must withdraw my hypothesis, that they are first deceived by themselves, and then unintentionally deceive others. For anything I can see, the same results might be realised in any family of from six to ten persons, as there is a tolerable chance of some person possessed of the necessary passive qualification being present in such a number; but care should be taken to exclude persons who seem likely to suffer from the excitement. All that is necessary at first, is to place hands touching each other in a circle round the edge of the table, and will that it move in a particular direction. From five to forty minutes are required to bring the phenomena into play. I could give many examples of the so-called manifestations, exceeding in interest any that I have seen described in print; but as you only commissioned me to try to explain the alleged facts in conformity with our ideas of common experience, I must leave the subject alone till you shall have invited me to enter upon it in another form and manner. Permit me to add but one sentence more. I am equally satisfied, as before, that the phenomena are natural; but to take them in, I think we shall have to widen somewhat our ideas of the extent and character of what is natural.'

A HINT TO AUTHORS.

A line in the obituary paragraphs of the Paris papers made known a few days ago that M. Sewrin, 'the senior dramatic author of France,' had departed this life, aged eighty-two. 'Sewrin—who is he?' was immediately the question in the literary and theatrical circles. Nobody could tell—nobody had heard of him. Inquiries were instituted, and it was ascertained, though not without some difficulty, that, sixty years ago, a young man of that name obtained great celebrity by *caudevilles* and other trifling pieces; and that he subsequently became one of the greatest purveyors of such articles to the different theatres all through the time of the Empire; also that he was a most voluminous writer of novels. His family having been applied to, stated that not fewer than 200 dramatic pieces, and upwards of thirty volumes of novels, were produced by his indefatigable pen. In his plays, Potier, Odry, Brunet, Vernet, and other eminent comedians, made their *débuts*; Cherubini, Zimmerman, Boieldieu, and other composers, accepted his *libretti*; whilst as to his novels, they were literally devoured by all France. He was, in short, for a time considered the greatest literary genius of his day, and was worshipped accordingly. Yet of all the vast mass that he wrote, not a work, not a line remains: it has all passed as completely from memory as if it had been written in sand!—*Literary Gazette.*

FORM OF CHIMNEYS.

Some very elementary considerations will shew, that a great momentum is obtained by a chimney increasing in size upwards, and thus allowing the air to expand. If a person blows in at the expanded end of an ordinary straight trumpet, he will find that there is a great expenditure of wind to no purpose, the force being entirely lost, and no vibration produced in the metal; but if he turns it round, and blows in at the small end, he will find that a small quantity of air forced in will produce a powerful vibration through the whole length of the instrument. The same thing takes place in chimneys, which are only a peculiar kind of wind-instrument—a gradually-increasing width

producing a greater 'draft' than a straight or contracted flue. From this it follows, that the mouth of the flue next the fire must be as small as is practicable, and expand upwards from this point.—*The Builder.*

HELENA.

BY MARIE J. EWEN.

My friend, our paths are separate on this earth;
Not often is it mine
To list the flow of fancy, thoughts of worth,
From those dear lips of thine.
Thou of the large free heart that knows no change,
On whom I rest my faith
Through good or ill secure, nor deem it strange
To trust thee e'en to death.

A poet's soul is thine—a hero's heart,
When Grief's shafts round thee fall;
To stand unmoved, and *feel*, 'mid sorest smart,
God's love is over all.
Thou hast the calm that only angels bring,
O'er that fair soul of thine;
Softened, and so refined through suffering,
To strength almost divine.

Nature with all her thousand harmonies—
Earth, sea, and skies above—
Have tuned thy heart to seraph sympathies—
To beauty, truth, and love.
I saw thee first 'mid childhood's sunlit years—
Thou couldst not be forgot!
We met again—thy face was pale from tears,
That else had changed it not.

The lapse of time had made me e'en as thou—
I was no more a child
Gazing upon thy fair, most queenly brow
With wonder 'earnest mild.'
Sweet elder sister thou! and I was proud
That years such grace could lend,
That I might stand beside and hail thee loud,
An equal and a friend.

The veil that hides my soul from others' view,
For *thee* might well be torn;
Nor should I fear to meet, O friend most true,
Thy coldness or *thy* scorn.
Thou bear'st about thee yet that nameless charm
That struck me when a child;
Thou, still the lady crowned with regal calm,
And I, the dreamer wild.

We have a magic language without speech;
We want no words to tell
How truly, closely, each is bound to each—
How each is loved so well.
I need but one glance toward thy deep, clear eyes,
One soft touch of thy hand,
To know that mine are all thy sympathies
In Thought's great 'silent land.'

Not oft to take 'sweet counsel,' as I said,
To us perchance be given.
Until together, hand in hand, we tread
The starry shores of heaven;
Until we change this life for fadless years,
Where truest splendours shine;
These doubts and fears, these raptures, joys, and tears,
For certainties divine.

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